

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

A Fawcett Publication



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring  
WILLIAM  
BOYD

10¢

IN  
THIS ISSUE:  
**THE DEADLY  
IMAGE!**



# Three **ALL-STAR** Cameras

## for your Vacation Shots



**Brownie Hawkeye Camera**—New smooth styling, clear oversize view finder—a cinch to load and use. Takes 12 black-and-white shots on Kodak 620 Film. Camera, \$5.50. Kodak Photo Flasher, \$1.55.



**Kodak Duaflex Camera**—Big, brilliant, waist-level finder shows you your picture big and clear. Takes 12 pictures,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  square, on a roll of Kodak 620 Film. With Kodet Lens, \$12.75. With focusing Kodar f/8 Lens, \$19.85. Flashholder, \$3.33.



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• Any one of these nifty cameras is a winner. Any one is fun to own, easy to use, and takes fine pictures. Just right for vacation days—gives you a priceless record of your good times and new friends. See these cameras at your Kodak dealer's.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Prices include Federal Tax.

**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK



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**WITH THE RED DOTS**

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ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

## and THE CARNIVAL CARNAGE!

**BANG!**

**BANG!**

**BANG!**

When Hopalong Cassidy, ace sheriff of Twin River, ambles over to the carnival run by his old friend, Hi Gardner, he doesn't reckon on the grim figure of death, stalking in the shadows of his footsteps!

**A THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE -**

WHAR ARE YUH HEADING FOR, HOPALONG?

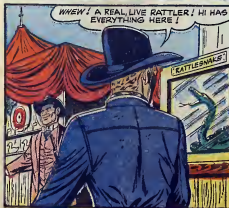
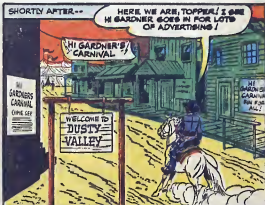
I'VE BEEN Aiming TO VISIT MY OLD FRIEND, HI GARDNER, FOR A LONG TIME, MESQUITE.

SHERIFF

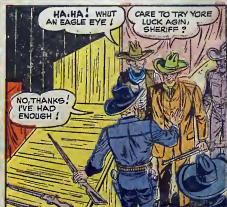
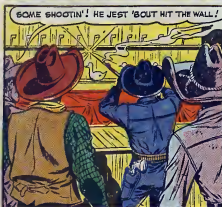
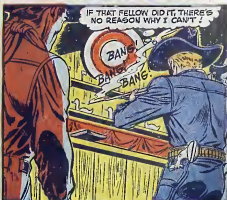
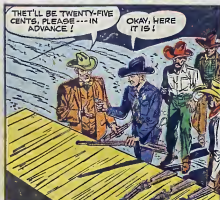
I JUST GOT WORD HE OPENED A CARNIVAL OVER IN DUSTY VALLEY! SINCE THINGS ARE QUIET AROUND HERE, I FIGURED I'D DROP IN ON HIM!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

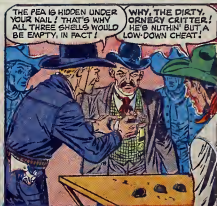
# HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

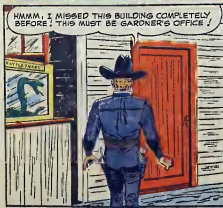
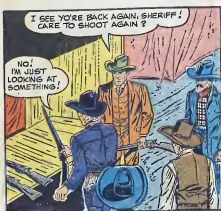


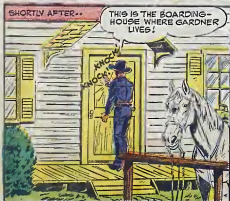
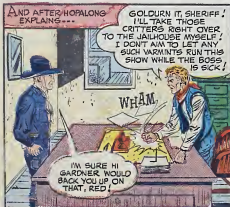


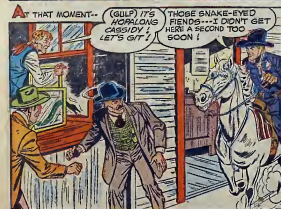




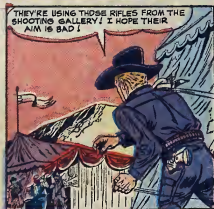








# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# QUIZ

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR MARINES?

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY. SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
5. CORRECT, EXCELLENT - 4. CORRECT, GOOD  
3. CORRECT, FAIR - 2. CORRECT, POOR.

1. A MEATBALL IS A STUPID MARINE

TRUE ☒ FALSE ☐



2. AN OLD ISSUE IS A WORLD WAR ONE UNIFORM

TRUE ☐ FALSE ☒



3. A MEAT WAGON IS AN AMBULANCE

TRUE ☐ FALSE ☒



4. TO PEARL DIVE MEANS TO WASH DISHES

TRUE ☐ FALSE ☒



5. A PILL ROLLER IS A BABY STEAM ROLLER

TRUE ☐ FALSE ☒

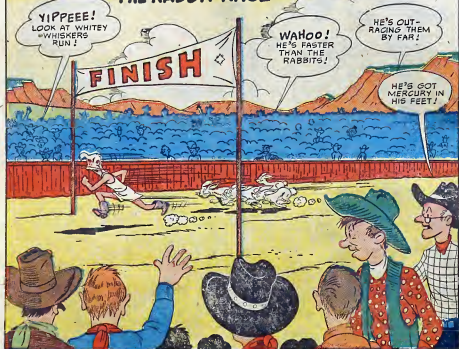


## ANSWERS

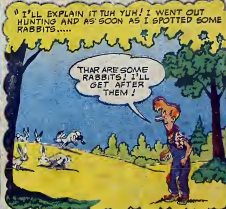
1. TRUE. 2. FALSE-IT'S AN ELDERLY MARINE. 3. TRUE. 4. TRUE. 5. FALSE-IT'S A NAVY HOSPITAL ATTENDANT.

# WHITEY WHISKERS

## "THE RABBIT RACE"







\* I CHASED AFTER THEM.....

LEAPING  
LETTUCE!  
LOOK AT THAT  
KID RUN!

CRACKLING  
CARROTS!  
HE'S FASTER  
THAN WE ARE!  
HE'S CATCHING  
UP TO US!

"THOSE RABBITS WEREN'T EXAGGERATING!  
I WAS TOO FAST FOR THEM! I RAN TILL I  
CAUGHT UP ALONGSIDE OF THEM.....

I'VE CAUGHT UP  
TUH THEM! NOW  
TUH GET ABOUT  
MY BUSINESS!

\* AS I DREW ALONGSIDE OF THE  
RABBITS, I FELT EACH \*ROUND  
THE MIDDLE TUH SEE IF HE  
WAS FAT ENOUGH.....

THIS ONE'S  
PLUMP  
ENOUGH!

AND THAT'S HOW COME I BROUGHT  
EVERY RABBIT I BROUGHT  
TUH THE RESTAURANT  
OWNER WAS NICE AND  
PLUMP! I TESTED THEM!  
AND I WAS ABLE TUH  
DO IT ONLY BECUZ I  
COULD RUN SO  
FAST!

BALONEY!

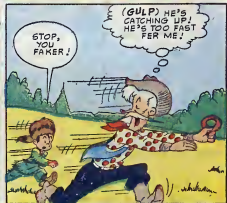
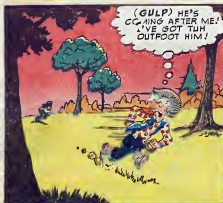
YOU NEVER  
COULD RUN  
FAST ENOUGH  
TO CATCH  
A RABBIT!  
YOU'RE  
LYING!

NO I'M NOT!  
IT'S THE TRUTH!  
AND THE ONLY  
REASON I  
COULD RUN SO  
FAST WAS BECUZ  
I PRACTICED SO  
MUCH! THAT'S  
WHY I'M TELLING  
YUH TUH PRACTICE!

GOSH, IF  
YOU'RE TELLING  
THE TRUTH, MAYBE  
I OUGHT TO TRY  
TO BECOME FAST,  
TOO! HERE, HOLD  
MY DOUGHNUT!  
I'LL DO SOME  
RUNNING RIGHT  
NOW!

THAT'S THE  
BOY!

HA, HA, MY TRICK  
WORKED! THAR HE  
GOES! AS SOON AS  
HE RUNS FAR ENOUGH  
AWAY, I'LL BEAT IT  
IN THE OPPOSITE  
DIRECTION WITH  
HIS DOUGHNUT!



# RED SWIFT Leaps for Life!

RED —  
HE'S GOING OVER  
THE FALLS!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM —  
THOSE ROCKS—THAT'S THE ANSWER

HELP!

I'LL JUMP FOR IT! CHON YOU BALL-BANDS  
LET'S SEE THAT SPRING OF YOURS

WOW! — MUST BE  
20 FEET ACROSS

BOY!  
LOOK AT  
HIM GO!

A HITCH-KICK'LL  
DO IT!

OH! YOU BALL-BANDS  
I REALLY NEED THAT  
GEAR-GRIP NOW!

HELP!  
I'M GOING UNDER!

TAKE IT EASY  
I'VE GOTCHA!

GEE! —  
WHAT A  
JUMP!  
HOW DID YOU  
DO IT RED?

LOOK FOR THE **RED BALL**  
...AND LEARN THIS TRICK

TRADE  
MARK

THAT'S THE SECRET, FELLAS. LOOK FOR  
THE SPORT SHOES WITH THE RED BALL  
ON THE SOLE—FOR SPECIAL ARCH-GARD\*  
SUPPORT—FOR REAL GOOD SPRING AND  
STAMINA—FOR PLENTY OF GRIP, PERFECT FOR  
THIS EXTRA-DISTANCE JUMPING TRICK.  
INSTEAD OF HOLDING FEET OUT IN FRONT  
KEEP SOLES KICKING ACTION FLY ALONG

**BALL-BAND**

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLLEN WPS CO. MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

ARCH-GARD\* GUARDS YOUR  
FEET AT 3 VITAL POINTS

- ① GUARDS YOUR LONGITUDINAL ARCH FOR WALKING AND JUMPING.
- ② CUSHIONS HEEL, LESSENS SHOCK OF RUNNING.
- ③ GUARDS YOUR METATARSAL ARCH FOR GREATER COMFORT AT THE FRONT OF YOUR FOOT.



**WOW!**  
WATCH YOUR SMOKE IN  
**BALL-BAND jets**  
WITH  
**DURA-KOOL UPPERS**

**NEW!** BREATHE AS YOU WALK...  
**NEW!** TO WASH CLEAN—JUST WIPE  
**NEW!** TOUGH—UPPERS LAST AS LONG AS SOLES

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD  
IN THE CRIME of the DEAD

BANG!

**D**EAD MEN COMMIT NO CRIMES! BUT SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY IS GIVEN GOOD REASON TO THINK OTHERWISE IN THE BAFFLING AND DANGEROUS CASE OF THE CRIME OF THE DEAD!

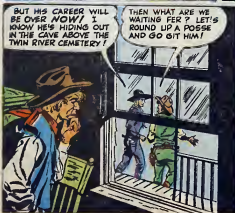
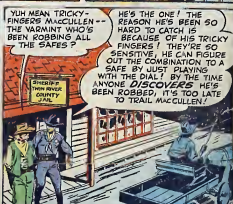
AT THE TWIN RIVER JAILHOUSE ---

---AND IF YOU'LL JUST LEND ME TEN DOLLARS MORE NOW, I PROMISE TO PAY BACK ALL I OWE YUH OUT OF MY NEXT PAY!

NOTHING DOING, BIFF! I DON'T MIND LENDING MONEY TO PEOPLE WHO REALLY NEED IT, BUT YOU'LL JUST WASTE IT ON GAMBLING AND DRINKING!

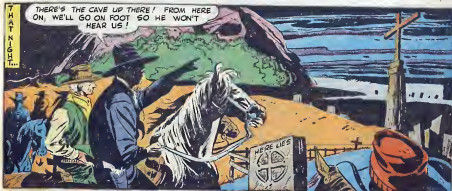
I'D ALSO LIKE TO REMIND YOU THAT AS THE TWIN RIVER CORONER, YOU SHOULD WATCH YOUR BEHAVIOR! THE WAY YOU ACT IS DISGRACEFUL!

NOBODY INSULTS ME ---





THERE'S THE CAVE UP THERE! FROM HERE ON, WE'LL GO ON FOOT SO HE WON'T HEAR US!



THAT SHOT CAME FROM THE CAVE! HE MUST HAVE SPOTTED US!

IT CAME FROM THE CAVE ALL RIGHT, BUT NO BULLET WHIZZED BY US!

BANG!



STAY UNDER COVER, MEN, WHILE I SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!



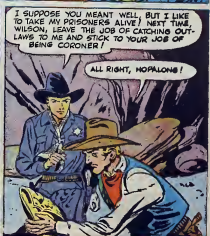
BUFF WILSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

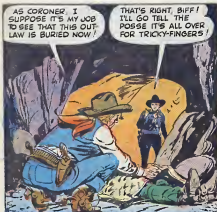
I'M TAKING YOUR ADVICE, HOPALONG! I'M REFORMING! I OVERHEARD YUH SAY TODAY YUH WERE GOING AFTER TRICKY-FINGERS MACCULLEN, SO I RISKED MY LIFE TO CATCH HIM FER YUH! WHEN HE SPOTTED ME, I HAD TO SHOOT HIM!



I SUPPOSE YOU MEANT WELL, BUT I LIKE TO TAKE MY PRISONERS ALIVE! NEXT TIME, WILSON, LEAVE THE JOB OF CATCHING OUTLAWS TO ME AND STICK TO YOUR JOB OF BEING CORONER!

ALL RIGHT, HOPALONG!





MEANWHILE, AT THE CEMETERY CAVE!

BIFF WILSON! WHAT ARE YUH DOING HYAR? I THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET YUH TOMORROW NIGHT AT YORE PLACE!

I CHANGED MY MIND! I FIGURED I'D COME AROUND TONIGHT TO MAKE SURE I GOT MY HALF OF THE LOOT!



YUH KNOW I WOULDN'T CHEAT YUH, BIFF!

YU'D BETTER NOT, MACCULLEN! THE ONLY REASON I MADE HOPALONG THINK I SHOT YUH WAS SO YUH COULD GO ON ROBBING SAFES WITHOUT BEING SUSPECTED!



BUT IF YUH SHOULD EVER FAIL TO GIVE ME HALF OF THE LOOT, I'D REALLY KILL YUH! AND SINCE EVERYONE THINKS YU'RE DEAD, NO ONE WOULD BE THE WISER!

YUH KNOW I WOULDN'T CROSS YUH UP, BIFF, BUT I'M MIGHTY WORRIED HOPALONG WILL DISCOVER I'M NOT DEAD! I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THESE PARTS WHO CAN OPEN A SAFE WITHOUT CRACKING IT!



RELAX, MACCULLEN! HOPALONG'S A SMART COYOTE, BUT EVEN HE WOULDN'T SUSPECT A DEAD MAN OF PULLING A ROBBERY!



AT THE SAME TIME IN THE JAILHOUSE---

THESE FINGERPRINTS I TOOK OFF TOO'S SAFE MATCH PERFECTLY WITH THOSE OF MACCULLEN'S I'VE HAD ON FILE! NO TWO PEOPLE HAVE EXACTLY THE SAME PRINTS!

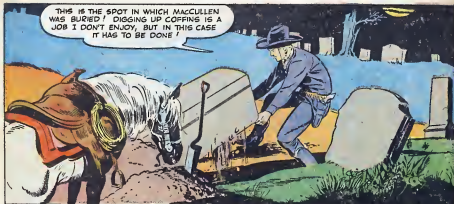


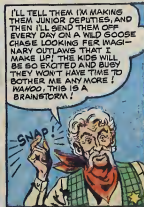
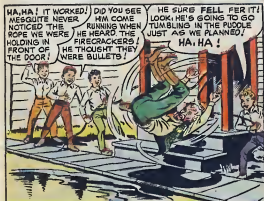
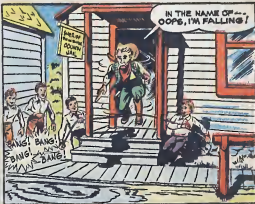
I WONDER! BIFF WILSON WAS A BIT ANXIOUS TO CONVINCE ME HE HAD REFORMED! UP UNTIL THE TIME HE SHOT MACCULLEN, HE WOULDN'T EVEN JOIN A POSSE!

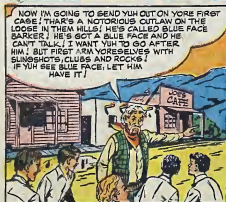


I'M GOING TO CHECK THE THOUGHT THAT'S BEEN RUNNING THROUGH MY MIND!













AH, BLUEBERRY PIE! MY FAVORITE! (GLUP, GLUP)

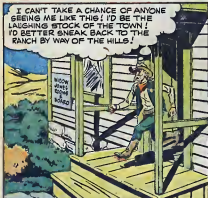
SPLOOSH!



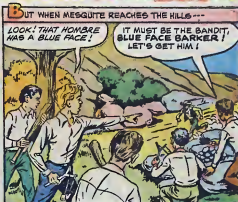
HUH? (UGH) THIS TASTES LIKE BLUE! (GULP) IT IS GLUE! I CAN'T MOVE MY MOUTH!



(GROAN) THE WIDDER WARNED ME NOT TO EAT THE PIES IF SHE WASN'T AROUND! SHE FILLED IT WITH GLUE TO PUNISH ME IF I DID! (GROAN) SHE PUT SO MUCH GLUE IN THE PIE MY JAWS ARE STUCK! I CAN'T TALK!

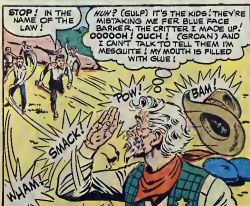


I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE OF ANYONE SEEING ME LIKE THIS! I'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE TOWN! I'D BETTER SNEAK BACK TO THE RANCH BY WAY OF THE HILLS!



LOOK! THAT HONKIE HAS A BLUE FACE!

IT MUST BE THE BANDIT, BLUE FACE BARKER! LET'S GET HIM!



STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

HUH? (GULP) IT'S THE KIDS! THEY'RE MISTAKING ME FOR BLUE FACE BARKER, THE CRITTER I MADE UP! OOOOHH! OUCH! (GROAN) AND I CAN'T TALK TO TELL THEM I'M MESQUITE! MY MOUTH IS FILLED WITH GLUE!

POW!

BAM!

SMACK!

WHAM!



OOOOH!

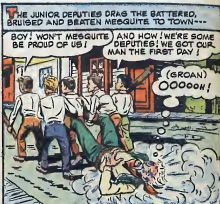
YOU WON'T GET AWAY, BLUE FACE!

WHAM!

ZOW!

BIFF!

ZOW!



# HEY! BOYS... DRESS UP JUST LIKE HOPALONG CASSIDY

These are genuine  
they carry Hoppy's personal



Hopalong Cassidy styles and  
o. k. and emblem!

## WESTERN HATS

### HOPPY'S "DEPUTY"

Pure wool felt and  
genuine leather  
Bar 20 chin  
strap slide;  
Red, Black,  
or Tan.

1.98



### HOPPY'S "BAR 20"

Larger shape pure  
wool felt with 3 1/2 inch  
rallied brim. Lined  
with Red Safin lining  
Black only! 2.98



## FREE!

With Every Hopalong  
Cassidy Hat!  
AUTOGRAPHED  
PICTURE OF HOPPY

by  
*Bailey*  
OF HOLLYWOOD

## FRONTIER SUITS

### HOPPY'S "VIGILANTE" SUITS

Labtex hand-  
washable Rayon  
Gabardine trimmed  
with washable  
fringe. Each suit  
carries authentic  
Hopalong Cassidy  
emblem. Black  
with Gray.

9.95



STYLE 725 FOR BOYS ...

Sizes 4 to 12

## FREE!

With Every Hopalong  
Cassidy Suit!  
AUTOGRAPHED  
PICTURE OF HOPPY

by  
*J Bar P*  
INCORPORATED



BROOKLYN  
MADISON CITY  
EAST SIDE

**Hopalong Cassidy  
Hitching Post**

BOYS' SHOP - STREET FLOOR

FREDERICK LOESER & CO., INC.  
FULTON AT BOND, BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Frontier Suits for \_\_\_\_\_ Boys.

QUANTITY	STYLE NO.	COLORS	SIZE

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ Western Hats.

(Measure the circumference of boy's or girl's head for correct size)

QUANTITY	STYLE NAME	COLOR	MEASUREMENT

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

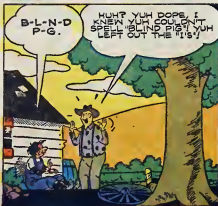
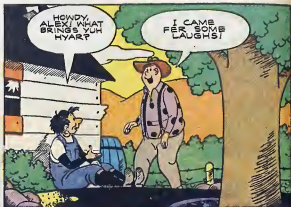
CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Add 15c for each suit or hat for shipping outside our motor  
delivery area. Add 2% for Greater N. Y. deliveries.  
☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐ M.O.

# HILL BILLY

NOT HOGGISH!



# Get this Official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder Patch

only **10¢**

WITH ONE LABEL  
FROM CARNATION  
MALTED MILK

"ROCKY" LANE—Star of Salt Lake Riders.  
Don't miss this thrilling new  
Republic Pictures production.

● Brilliant colors  
withstand at least  
10 to 15 washings

Wear it  
"sheriff-style" on  
shoulder patch



Looks swell on  
neckties, scarves  
and kerchiefs



Wear it on  
shirts, T-shirts  
or play suits



Actual Size—Actual Colors



Just the thing  
for your caps  
and hats



Perfect on  
light colored  
dresses,  
blouses  
and aprons

## Amazing New Kind of Patch

Applied in seconds to any light  
colored garment by magic new  
hot iron method. Apply directly  
on garment without sewing. Or  
iron it on piece of cloth and have  
mother sew it to your clothes.

## "IT'S A BEAUTY," SAYS "ROCKY"

"It tells at a glance you're a pal  
of mine. Make your friends envious.  
Be the first in your gang to wear  
my official Posse Shoulder Patch.  
And say, pardner, we hard ridin'  
posse members got to have plenty

of energy. So fuel up regularly  
with my favorite...Carnation  
Malted Milk. Make 'em right at  
home—easily, quickly, often. Tell  
Mom to get Carnation Malted Milk  
at her grocer's today. And send for  
my official "Rocky" Lane Posse  
Shoulder Patch right away."

DRINK  
CARNATION  
IT'S OUR  
OFFICIAL  
POSSE  
FAVORITE!



## MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Carnation Malted Milk  
BOX 1033, HOLLYWOOD 25, CALIFORNIA

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder  
Patch(es). (IMPORTANT—BE SURE TO ORDER ENOUGH  
PATCHES FOR SEVERAL GARMENTS). For each patch I enclose  
10¢ and one Carnation Malted Milk label.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print plainly)

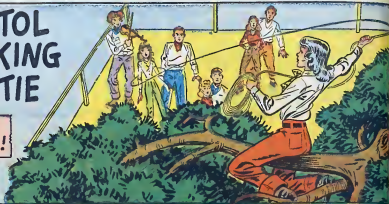
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Offer expires January 30, 1951, and is limited to U.S.A. only)

# PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

**BIG  
DATE!**



One Sunday afternoon at the  
HOLLOW HEAD RANCH.....

WHUT ARE YUH DOLLIN'  
YORESELF UP FER,  
PISTOL PACKIN'  
PATTIE?

I'M GOING TO THE  
DANCE IN TOWN  
THIS AFTERNOON!



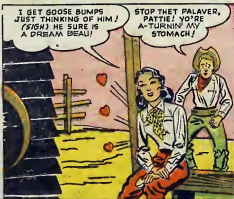
WHO ARE YUH  
ABOIN' WITH?

(SIGH) BUCK BONES, THAT  
HANDSOME NEW COWPOKE  
WHO JUST GOT A JOB AT  
TIM HAWLEY'S RANCH  
LAST WEEK!



I GET GOOSE BUMPS  
JUST THINKING OF HIM!  
(SIGH) HE SURE IS  
A DREAM BEAU!

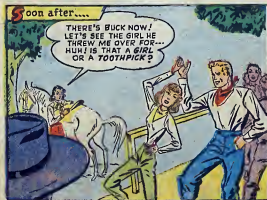
STOP THET PALAVER,  
PATTIE! YO'RE  
A-TURNIN' MY  
STOMACH!

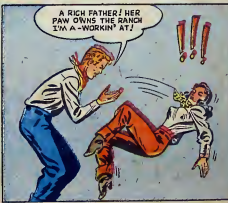
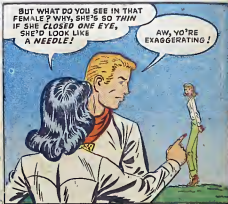


AW, YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE  
YOU'RE NOT AS TALL AND GOOD-  
LOOKING AS BUCK---HEH?  
THAT MUST BE BUCK NOW!  
NO IT ISN'T! IT'S  
SOMEONE ELSE!












# THE GOLD BANDITS

By William Shelton



**B**IG Jim Randal stood spraddle-legged before the warm crackling flames of the campfire and thrust his tight-clenched fists deeper into his mackinaw pockets. Flinty-eyed, he studied the grim faces of the six men in a rough semi-circle before him.

"We stayed in these hills too long," he said, his weather-lined face serious: "El Lobo and his gang of gold thieves have the only pass out of here bottled up."

A cold night wind swept down out of the hills, and banks of leaden snow clouds hid the moon. The breath of winter had come with icy suddenness to warn the handful of prospectors who still roamed these hills, searching, blasting into bedrock for the valuable yellow metal. The diehards.

"We'll freeze to death when the blizzards hit," shivered grizzled Nugget Jones.

"We're the last men up here," Randal said. "And El Lobo's waiting below like a vulture for us to come out—so he can steal our gold!"

A heavy-set prospector shook his head. "After all that slavin' and diggin' and blastin' his past summer?"

"We got no choice," Nugget Jones chirped. "Either we stay here with our gold and freeze to death, or we ride down and make that coyote, El Lobo, a present of it..."

"Unless we could trick him," interrupted Randal.

"Trick El Lobo? You're batty, Randal," cut in hatchet-faced Slim Dawson. "Old Pick Mantion tried and lost. Only last week he left for below. Told me he had a plan to outfox El Lobo." He scowled up at Randal. "Mebbe Pick told you about the special strongboxes he had built in town before he came up here?"

Randal nodded. "Had them fitted with padlocks. Matter of fact, he gave me one of the boxes."

Dawson spat. "El Lobo caught him below and blew off those fancy padlocks neatly as you please with a six-gun!" He turned toward the men. "Don't fool yourselves—let's give the gold to El Lobo and git out of here alive!"

"Not me, for one," said Randal quietly.

The men chorused agreement.

"Ever since Pick Mantion left, I've had an idea—and if it works, we could get our gold out safely through El Lobo before winter sets in," Randal continued.

"We're listening," grunted Nugget.

Randal leaned forward. "We leave together in a band. One man's wagon carries all the

gold. El Lobo wouldn't have time to nab more than three of us and, while he's doing that, the guy with the gold gets away."

"Sounds good," said the heavy-set prospector. "But supposing El Lobo nabs the man carrying the gold?"

"He'll have to get away while El Lobo's chasing the others. Besides," Randal drawled, "we'll have the advantage because El Lobo will never suspect that only one of us has the paydirt. Loaded, our wagons all look the same."

Nugget's head shook. "Big risk for the guy carrying the yellow stuff."

"I'll make the run, if you men trust me," Randal said.

There was a brief buzz of excitement and, finally, the men agreed.

"It's our only chance," Randal told them finally. "Bring all your gold to me. Pack your equipment on your wagons and be ready to leave an hour before dawn."

An hour before dawn, Big Jim had just finished lashing his last remaining box of blasting powder onto his wagon when the other prospectors arrived.

Nugget Jones gave him a lift with the heavy strongbox that Pick Mantion had given him a few days earlier.

"Heavy!" grunted Jones. "But what's in that box represents a life's work for most of us, Jim."

Randal nodded, then, loud enough for everyone to hear, "Remember, El Lobo will be waiting for us where Commanche Pass opens out into the plains. It's the only way out of here, so when we reach it, spread out and keep going. Let's go!"

And when dawn broke finally, the little caravan had passed almost through the complete length of Commanche Pass. Big Jim knew the men were jittery. He was himself.

The plains lay just ahead through the narrow slit of the pass exit and, upon reaching that opening, Nugget Jones' long bullwhip cracked and his horses bolted through the narrow pass.

Almost instantly, a pistol shot ripped the leaden air!

"El Lobo!" Nugget screamed.

"Keep going! Spread out!" Randal yelled and, by this time, he had reached the opening himself. Then, he was out, heading pell mell

for the plains ahead. Pistol and rifle shots whanged around him, over his head, thudded sharply into the wagon sides. But he kept on.

Up ahead, Jones' bouncing wagon veered sharply to the right. The heavy-set prospector veered left.

Then, from either side, horsemen sprang from behind big boulders and, with drawn guns, came thundering full tilt at Randal. Almost at once, the riders ignored the other prospectors.

Something had gone wrong! The plan wasn't going to work!

Brief seconds later, one of El Lobo's outlaws rode abreast of Randal's horses, seized the reins and pulled him to a halt. "Hola!" the outlaw shouted. "We have him, El Lobo!"

A huge Mexican dressed in buffalo robe and sombrero came riding up leisurely. Other outlaws, guns drawn, rode at his back. El Lobo looked closely at Big Jim, then at the strongbox lashed to the wagon. "Si, this is the one we want," he grumbled. His dark, beady eyes came back to Randal, lip curling. "So, your attempt to trick El Lobo is not so good, eh?"

Randal bristled with anger. "How'd you know I was the one carrying the gold?"

El Lobo chuckled. "The eyes and ears of El Lobo travel far." He turned abruptly and addressed his men. "Get that strongbox off and open it at once!"

"It's another one of those trick boxes with a padlock on it, like the one Manton had," spat one of the outlaws, grunting as he helped lift the box from Randal's wagon.

"Bah!" snarled the bandit chief, leaving a man to guard Randal. "When will these fools learn it does not pay to try tricks on El Lobo!" Deftly, he drew out his six-shooter and laid the muzzle flush against the padlock on the strongbox. "Watch!" he bellowed.

The outlaws gathered around their chief. El Lobo squeezed the trigger. The report was deafening. Bright orange flame spat against padlock and hasp. Lead smashed the metal with a loud snap.

But at that split second, the strongbox lid flew back violently on its hinges. A bright blinding flash of brilliant flame spewed up at the outlaws around it. There was a low, throaty rumble like thunder. Thick palls of black smoke burst out.

El Lobo and his men fell back screaming, clapping frantically at their eyes.

"Help!" gasped the bandit chief. "I-I can not see! I-I am blind! Help me!"

But the others were equally as helpless, fingers tearing at their flash-shocked eyes.

Instantly, Big Jim leaped off the wagon, knocked the startled outlaw who had been guarding him to the ground, scooped up his

six-gun and, pointing it skyward, triggered it three times.

When Nugget Jones, Slim Dawson, and the other prospectors returned to the scene, Randal had lined the blinded outlaws up against his wagon and had disarmed them.

Nugget Jones came over, wide-eyed. "Good thing you told me back at your camp to keep my ears open for three shots. B-but what in Sam Hill happened?" he sputtered.

El Lobo opened the wrong box, that's all," Randal commented quietly.

"We heard the explosion," Jones said, looking at the half-shattered strongbox. "Hey! What'd you have in there?"

"Flat shale rocks, with a good layer of blasting powder on top," Randal announced.

"I'll be danged!" exclaimed Dawson. "The gun flash set off the powder! Who gave you that idea?"

"You!" Randal said. "When you told me how they blasted Pick Manton's padlocks off with gunfire. I just figured they'd do the same thing again."

"A mite crafty," Slim added. "Say, give me a gun, Randal—it'll be a pleasure toting these birds to jail personally."

Randal smiled sourly. "You won't need the gun, Slim, 'cause you'll be right in there with 'em!"

"You're loco, Randal! You just said I helped you, that it was my story about Pick Manton that . . ."

"Right," cut in Randal. "A story you knew too well. How else could you know El Lobo blasted those padlocks with bullets . . . if you weren't right there with him when it was done!"

**H**E shoved Dawson over with El Lobo and the gang, then turned back to Nugget Jones. "This coyote double-crossed all of us, planned to split with El Lobo. So I told him of my plan deliberately. El Lobo would think Dawson was very clever, believing that he knew our plan, and would completely overlook the real trick!"

"What was that?" asked Nugget.

Randal smiled. "Making El Lobo bite twice on the same trick!"

"Only this time loaded for the payoff, eh?" Jones guffawed. "And our gold—that's safe?"

"Safe as a baby, stashed away right there in my case of blasting powder," smiled Randal. "I just kinda reversed things a bit."

THE END

# HALFWIT HACK

TOES THE MARK!

???

FER A MINUTE I THOUGHT HALFWIT HACK WAS GOING TUH SHOOT! BUT I SEE HE'S PUTTING HIS GUN AWAY!

HUH? HE'S DRAWING AGAIN!

HEY, HALFWIT HACK, WHAT ARE YUH DOING?

I'M PRACTICING THE DRAW! I WANT TUH GET AS FAST AS MUH UNCLE!

AS FAST AS YORE UNCLE?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S LIKE LIGHTNING! HE'S SO FAST HE SHOOTS HIS GUN BEFORE HE GETS IT OUT OF HIS HOLSTER!

WHAT! YORE UNCLE IS SO FAST HE SHOOTS HIS GUN BEFORE HE GETS IT OUT OF HIS HOLSTER! GOSH, WHAT'S HIS NAME?

HE'S KNOWN AS---

---TOELESS JOE!

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

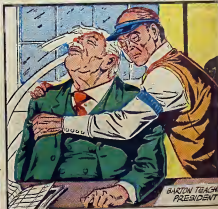
Americans are ruled by laws, not by men! But when a group of riled Westerners take the law into their own hands, that's **MOB LAW!** And that's when Hopalong Cassidy, courageous and straight-shooting sheriff of Twin River, steps in to combat the lawlessness spread by the blazing six-shooters of the wild mob!

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

and **MOB LAW!**



AT THE TWIN RIVER BANK ---

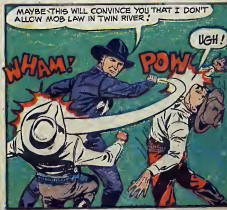
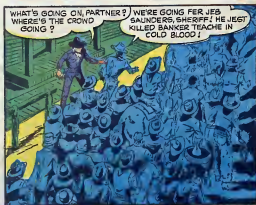
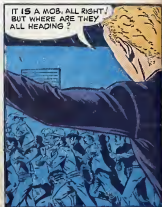


BARTON TEAGUE  
PRESIDENT





# HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

BUT I'M AFRAID THAT TEACHING YOU TWO THE LESSON ISN'T GOING TO STOP THAT MOB!



THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THEM IS TO GET TO JEB'S HOUSE BEFORE THEY DO!



WE'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE HILLS, TOPPER AND AVOID THE MOB! C'MON---LET'S GO!



THERE'S ONE THING I LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO--YOU CAN'T REASON WITH A MOB!



SHORTLY AFTER--

THIS IS WHERE JEB SAUNDERS LIVES! GO AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, TOPPER, SO THE MOB WON'T SEE YOU WHEN THEY RIDE UP!



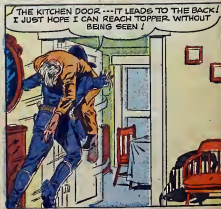
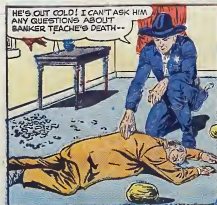
I'M IN LUCK, THE MOB ISN'T HERE YET!

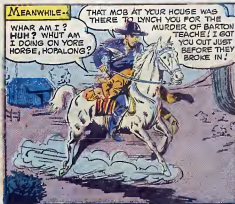
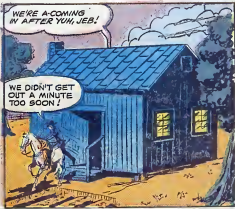
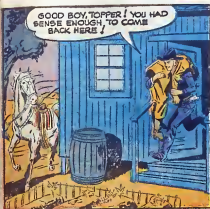


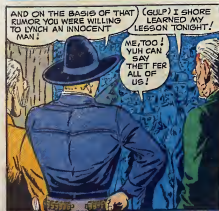
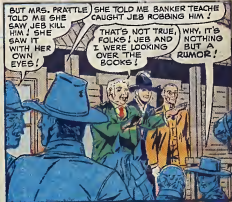
HOPALONG CASSIDY! THIS SHORE IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE! HOW ARE--

THERE'S NO TIME FOR IDLE TALK, JEB! I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR A LONG TIME, AND I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD HAVE TO ASK YOU IF YOU KILLED A MAN!













**BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES--**

**PRICE- A PENNY A PIECE--**

**AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT--**

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# TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST-TOWN NEAR ROCK CITY, WHEN SUDDENLY--

JIM-- THAT PLANE! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!



C'MON, BOYS-- WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PILOT OUT BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANE'S IN FLAMES!



MUST GET--SERUM-- TO HOSPITAL-- ROCK CITY-- DYING CHILD--

I'LL GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL, JIM-- IF I HAVE TO RUN ALL THE WAY!



PHWW! NOT FAR TO GO NOW--I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F"'S!

WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F": HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE SPEED, MORE ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION



® TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

SOON...

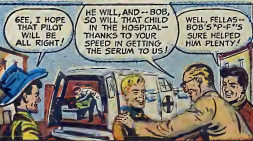
LOOK--BOB'S BACK ALREADY! HE REALLY MUST HAVE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD!



GEE, I HOPE THAT PILOT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

HE WILL, AND-- BOB, SO WILL THAT CHILD IN THE HOSPITAL-- THANKS TO YOUR SPEED IN GETTING THE SERUM TO US!

WELL, FELLAS-- BOB'S "P-F"'S SURE HELPED HIM PLENTY!



FOR EXTRA SPEED ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES. GET YOUR "P-F"'S TODAY!



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**WHIZ**  
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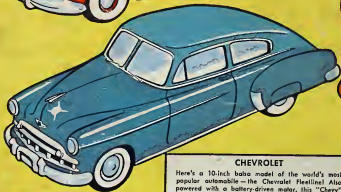
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Starring  
WILLIAM  
BOYD

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46

COVER photo

HC: The CARNIVAL CARWAGE

10

WHITEY WHISKERS

4

HC: The CRIME of The DEAD MAY ELKAN  
DAS MSG.

6+

MESQUITE

QUINLAN +

4+

Hill Billy

?

1

PISTOL PACKING, PATTIE: BIG PATE

BOULE\*

3

The GOLD BANDITS by William SPECTER\* text

2

THIS  
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HALWIT HACK  
HC: MOB RULE  
RANCHER RANKINS

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